

WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW.  
Some time at eve when the tide is low  
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.  
With no response to the friendly hail  
Of kindred craft in the busy bay.  
In the silent hush of the twilight hour  
When the night stoops down to embrace  
The day,  
And voices call in the waters' flow—  
Some time at eve when the tide is low  
I shall slip my mooring and sail away.  
Through purple shadows that darkly tell  
Of the ebbing tide of the unknown  
sea.  
I shall fare me away with a dip of sail  
And a ripple of waters to tell the tale  
Of a lonely voyager, sailing away  
To mystic isles, where at anchor lay  
The craft of those who have sailed before  
O'er the unknown sea to the unseen shore.  
A few who have watched me sail away  
Will miss my craft from the busy bay;  
Some friendly looks that were anchored near—  
Some loving souls that my heart held dear  
In silent sorrow will drop a tear.  
But I shall have peacefully furled my sail.  
In morning shall be seen from the shore  
And greeted the friends who have  
sailed before  
O'er the unknown sea to the unseen  
shore.  
—Lizzie Clark Hardy, in Midland Monthly.

### THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

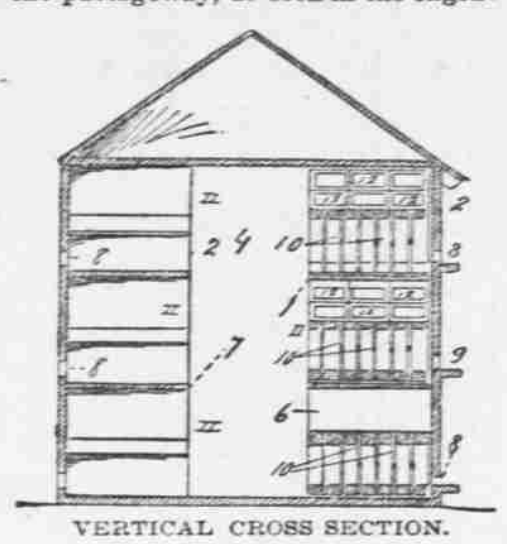
Jim Bourn and I were boys together at Westminster; we went to Oxford together—to Balliol; we took our degrees together in the classical (honors) school, and were ordained together by the bishop of L—, as curates for his diocese. Here our paths separated for some years, and when next we renewed our old friendship I was the vicar of the town. Still single at 34, and Jim was the chaplain of the famous jail in the same town, and married.  
We were talking in my study as in olden times. Somehow the conversation drifted to the subject of a recent newspaper article: "Ought Married People to Have Any Secrets from Each Other?" I said "No," Jim said "Yes." "Why, Jim," said I, "you would have been the last person I should have expected to take that line, for I am sure, from what I have seen, that if ever two folks were happy and loving, they are Ella and yourself. I can't conceive of your having any secret which you would not want Ella to know."  
"Ah," retorted he, with a peculiar smile, "that's just it. Well, howson! I tell you one, if you like, though," he added, "it must remain a secret between us two. I have never spoken of it to anyone in the world, and never shall, except to yourself."  
"Thanks, Jim, you need not fear me, as you know, I am only desirous to know the case," and I assumed an attitude of eager attention to Jim's story.  
"I was the chaplain at Lowmarket, as you are well aware, before I came here. It is a pretty place, and one wonders whatever made the government build a jail there. However, there it is, and there was I. The amount of society that one got in Lowmarket was perfectly astonishing. Had I had the good inclination for it, I might have turned out a regular 'society' clergyman. As it was, I had a full amount of lectures, sermons, parties and entertainments. Among the people I got in with were some of the best of the town. Miss York, a maiden lady of 50, lived in a large and beautifully furnished house called 'The Cedars,' in the best part of the town. She was known all over the district for her charity, kindness of heart and pure life. Everybody had a good word for her. Nor was her niece, Miss York, any less popular. People in Lowmarket fairly worshipped both of them.  
"I was 28 when I first saw Ella York, and at once succumbed to her charms. For weeks her praises had been in my ears, and now, on acquaintance, I found her beauty, her manners, her kindness of heart, not one whit less than reported. I loved her. Of course, I could not say so at once; and whether, after two or three meetings in the course of my work—for Miss York the elder took great interest in our sphere of labor—she guessed my love, and reciprocated it, I could not then say. I found, upon judicious inquiries, that Miss York—Ella—lived with her aunt from childhood; that she was now 24; that her mother was dead, and her father lived on the continent for his health; also that she was her aunt's sole heiress. These facts were of course only learned by degrees, as one cannot go to the fountain head for such information.  
"After much heart-searching and debating within myself, I thought I saw that Ella York was not wholly indifferent to me, and I resolved to ask her to be my wife. I need not go into details as to how I did it, beyond saying that it was one summer morning, rather more than five years ago, when, having gone to see her aunt, who was out, I met Ella in the grounds; and after talking as we walked along on various subjects, somehow it came out unexpectedly, and almost before I could comprehend what it all meant, Ella York had promised to be my wife, subject to her aunt's consent.  
"But her aunt didn't consent. I received a dainty note that night—how tenderly I regarded it, howson!—from Ella, saying that she had spoken of my visit to her aunt, and had told her I was coming to-morrow for her approval; Miss York had been very kind, but acted strangely, and said she would see me, but she could not consent, as she did not wish to lose Ella. My dear girl went on to say that she had in vain tried to get from her any more than this.  
"I was in a curious state of mind as I went next morning to see Miss York. What could her objection really be? Surely not to me! My position, my family, my life here were, I hoped, beyond reproach. Even were it a question of money, I had enough private means, as you know. As for Miss York, well, of course, it would be lonely without Ella at first, after so many years' companionship, but surely she didn't expect her never to get married! It was preposterous.  
"I was destined to know her objection. As I approached the lodge the portress met me.  
"Oh, Mr. Bourn, this is shocking!"  
"I was more puzzled than ever! Why my engagement to Ella should be 'shocking' I couldn't see; and I no doubt expressed it in my looks.  
"No sudden, too, sir," said the woman.  
"What's the matter?" said I.  
"Why haven't you heard that Miss York is dead? No! Oh, dear! Poor thing; had a fit in the night, doctor says; was quite unconscious when Miss Ella got there, and died at nine o'clock this morning."  
"My heart sank; I felt faint and giddy.

It was some minutes before I could move. You will never know how it feels, howson, unless you should have such a blow, which I hope you never will. But I am bound to say that my one thought was: "My poor, lonely darling, Ella!"  
There were no more details to be learned about Miss York's death. She was buried in Lowmarket churchyard, Ella was ill for weeks, and could not see even me. When she was well enough to attend to business, it was found that she inherited all her aunt's money; and as she had already accepted me, we were married a twelvemonth afterward. She had been awfully lonely, she said, since Miss York's death, but no couple had ever lived happier and been nearer and dearer to each other than Ella and I. May God bless her!"  
"Amen!" said I, solemnly and reverently.  
"Ella and I," pursued Jim, "could never give the remotest guess as to her aunt's objection to our engagement, and it would probably have remained a mystery to me, as it has to Ella even now, had it not been for the following circumstances: Some time ago I was sent for to the prison to see a rather desperate character, whose case was very near. He had been sent to seven years' penal servitude some three years before for forgery, and after serving two years at Portland had been transferred to Lowmarket. His appearance was superior to that of the ordinary convict, even when a forger. Although I had seen him several times and certainly struck with his face and appearance, we could not be said to be friendly, as he had been indifferent to all my advances.  
"I found him lying in the hospital, and I soon saw that he would not live very long.  
"You seem pleased to see me?" I said.  
"Yes, sir," replied No. 122. "I am glad you've come; I hardly expected you would, considering how standoffish I've been. But I wanted to see you, as the doctor says I'm not likely to last much longer—perhaps not until to-morrow."  
"There, well, never mind. Keep your courage up, and you'll probably deceive the doctor."  
"I talked to him about his soul and spiritual things. That was my pass by, howson! I believe he was thoroughly penitent. I asked him if there was anything I could do for him.  
"Yes, sir, there is one thing, if you will. It's such a curious one I hardly like to ask you. His eyes looked eagerly at me.  
"To do, said I: 'I'll do it if possible.'  
"I've had a queer life, sir," said the convict. "I might have been somebody and done some good; but I got led astray after marriage and broke the heart of my wife, who died soon afterward. Yes, I've led a bad life, and it's precious few friends I've had lately, anyhow. But I hope I may be forgiven, as you say God will pardon even the worst of us. And if you'll promise me to do one thing when I'm dead, I shall die happy."  
"I'll promise it as far as I can," said I.  
"What is it?"  
"It's to take care of your wife," answered No. 122. "Ah," said he, smiling, "I thought that would astonish you."  
"Take care of my wife!" I gazed at him in amazement. "Why, of course I shall! But what is that to you?"  
"A great deal," said he.  
"Because she's—my daughter!"  
"I looked at him in terror and astonishment, and was about to send for the nurse and for the doctor, feeling sure he was rambling, when he said, slowly: "Sit down, sir, please; I can't talk much longer. You need not send for Dr. Darton; I'm all right. I feared it might give you a shock, sir, as it gave me the first time I saw her here with you. Ella York—you see, I know her name all right—was taken when quite a child by her aunt, who disowned me, and never told the child what her father was. In that she was quite right. She changed her name from Wilson to her mother's name of York and completed the disguise. Whenever I desired—and, oh, sir, I did often desire to see Ella, my darling, Miss York has always threatened me with the police, and I knew better than to have them on my track if I could help it. Yes, sir, I see you can't realize it yet, but you'll find Ella Wilson's birth and baptism in the registers of Northfield, and I give you my word it's true."  
"I sat in dumb silence. What could I say? Ella, my Ella, a convict's daughter!"  
"Please, sir, don't tell her," said he. "She has never known; don't let her know. But I felt I must tell you, sir, and you'll not think any worse of her?" and his eyes looked pleadingly and wistfully at me.  
"My senses had somewhat returned.  
"No," said I, "of course not. I am half dazed, but I feel what you say is true. But Ella is my own now, and always shall be while I live. I wish I had not heard this, but it cannot alter my love for Ella."  
"Thank God!" he said. "And, sir, there's one thing more. The doctor says I shall sleep myself away. Do you think it could be managed for my darling to give me one kiss ere I die—just one?"  
"I'll try. Yes," said I, "she shall, if you'll leave it to me."  
"I will! God bless you, Mr. Bourn."  
"I left him. When I got home Ella thought I was ill, and indeed I was. Overworked, I pleaded. In another hour they came to tell me he was asleep, and would not wake in this world.  
"I took Ella with me to the hospital. 'Ella,' said I, 'a prisoner who is dying, and who has no few—friends, told me to-day how he had seen you and would like you to kiss him ere he died, as his own daughter would have done. Will you?'  
"Certainly, my darling."  
"And with eyes full of tears she did. The unconscious form rose, the eyelids half opened, the face smiled. She didn't know; did he?"  
"I led her away, weeping, my own heart full. I afterward verified his story. But Ella has never known any more, howson, and never will. There is sometimes a secret which should not be shared between husband and wife, howson, isn't there?"  
"You're right, dear old Jim," said I, as he grasped my hand in silence, but with tear-dimmed eyes. "You're right, old fellow, and God bless you both!"—Birmingham Weekly News.  
—Gin takes its name from Geneva where it was formerly made in large quantities.

### AGRICULTURAL HINTS

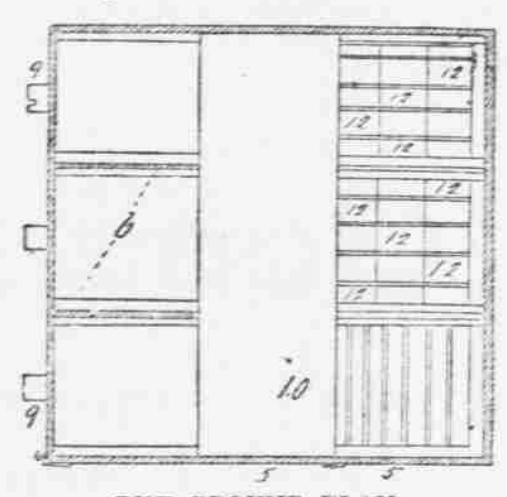
#### IMPROVED BEE HOUSE.

It Has Some Good Points, But Also Some Serious Disadvantages.  
The illustrations represent a bee house recently patented. The house has a door and central passageway, as shown, and is provided with vertical cross-partitions secured to the inner faces of the side walls, which divide the walls into sections accessible from the passageway, as seen in the engraving.



VERTICAL CROSS SECTION.

Longitudinal horizontal division boards are secured to the vertical partitions and divide the spaces between them into hive compartments. The side wall opposite each compartment has a bee opening and an alighting board (see 8 and 9 in Fig. 1). Horizontal strips are secured to the vertical



THE GROUND PLAN.

partitions in each compartment, from which the brood frames are suspended, and the honey sections are arranged above the brood frames in each compartment and are supported by them. This house is designed to replace the individual hives and must be warmer, drier and easier of access than they are; but contagious diseases, mice, moths, etc., can do greater injury and will be more difficult to remove, as there are so many swarms kept in close quarters.—Farm and Home.

#### LIVE STOCK NOTES.

To supply more than is eaten up at once is wasteful.  
Excessive sweating of a horse when at work is a very good sign of weakness.

Any kind of live stock will depreciate in value when cut short in their rations.  
Pigs should be fed for the greater growth of bone and muscle, rather than of fat.

All classes of stock need a supply of salt where they can help themselves.  
That farming pays best, other things being equal, which produces the most manure.

The man that always feeds his stock well is the man that makes stock feeding pay.  
Generally the more condensed and the nearer finished the products are the better the farm will pay.—Farmers' Union.

#### Improved Quality of Sheep.

Here is the way the Chicago Drovers Journal looks at the situation. Complaint is entirely unjustified. The decline in the price of wool has, in a way, been a benefit to the shipment of the west. Breeders have been under the necessity of breeding up their flocks to a better standard, a thing which they probably never would have done had wool remained at a profit. There is quite a difference in the kind of sheep coming to market now and those of a few years ago. The wool producing ability of the sheep has not been lessened, and should things ever turn so as to benefit the sheepman again, he will be in better shape than ever before. Sheepmen are making money even now, and are kicking simply because they are not making as much as they used to.

#### Pushing Cattle from Birth.

Much more profit may be made in feeding beef cattle if they are pushed to their utmost capacity of feeding from birth, and killed not more than two years old, says the Philadelphia Record. With the smaller breeds probably a year old would be still better, as those animals which are born to be small stop growing early, and no amount of feeding will enable them to rival the breeds of the same animals that have for generations been bred for beef. The more rapidly beef is fattened the more tender and better flavored will be the flesh. This does not mean that the animals should be stuffed to repletion. That is just the way to injure digestion, and thus retard fattening.

#### Dry Earth on the Floor.

The poultry house is more easily cleaned in winter than in summer, as the cold freezes the droppings, rendering them easily swept up and shoveled, but this will depend upon how the floor is managed. If it is covered with dry earth or sifted coal ashes, the cleaning is simply a matter of using a broom; but if no absorbent material is used, the fresh droppings become frozen and adhere to the wood, requiring considerable scraping for their removal.—Farm and Fireside.

#### Cornstalks for Cattle.

It has been fully demonstrated by a series of feeding experiments conducted at various experiment stations that cornstalks, or butts, when properly prepared, are digestible, and their food value is of marked proportions when the stover is finely shredded, so that the cattle will greedily eat the entire product. An excellent authority on this subject confidently asserts that 37 per cent. of the total value of the corn crop exists in the dry stalks after the ears have been taken off.—Farm and Fireside.

### INEXCUSABLE WASTE.

Why Farmers Should Feed Skim-Milk to Their Cattle.

I was in a creamery in the southern part of Illinois, where the sweet separated milk was sold at one cent per gallon. A stream of wagons was driving up one side of the factory, the milk was poured into the tank that fed the separator, while a stream of young women were carrying off the skim milk in pails. The people of the section realize that the waste they had a good thing in the very cheap, sweet skimmed milk.

The price paid for milk was about 15 cents per hundred weight. Now if the factory sold the milk in gallon lots at that price it naturally follows that the farmers that sold the whole milk could have bought back the skimmed milk at even less. The value of that milk if fed to hogs was from 12 to 20 cents, if fed with corn and containing the fertilizer in the undigested portions. Recent figures from our experiment stations show that in 100 pounds of such milk there is enough nitrogen, phosphorus and potash to bring the manurial value up to ten or twelve cents. As only 25 per cent. of this is digested, it would have the manurial value of the milk at from seven to ten cents. Add this to the value of the other digested portion for the making of pork and we have a value of nearly 20 cents.

Why should farmers allow this value to slip away from them? Of course if they want to sell skim-milk to the townspeople at half price, or as an act of philanthropy, no one will find fault, but from a business standpoint it is an error to do so. An enterprising farmer located near such a liberal-minded creamery should improve the opportunity to secure as much as possible of the milk and turn it into pork, poultry and eggs. But it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when farmers will know too much to let so valuable a product go except for full value.—Ohio Farmer.

#### SEASONS AND DISEASES.

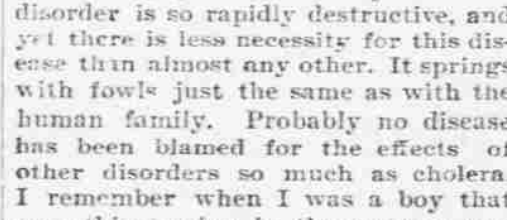
Each Parish Has a Poultry Ailment of Its Own.

We have four seasons, and each one has some peculiar disease to which the fancier can expose his fowls. Spring is the most healthful of the four, yet we take our birds from their winter quarters and turn them loose in the breeding yard and they will eat too heartily of green grass, and a severe cold will be found crop-broken a day or two later. No matter how much green feed is given in winter, grass will be taken in too large quantities in the spring. Summer brings the molting season and with it come numerous diseases. Cholera always makes its appearance at the negligent fancier's place. No disorder is so rapidly destructive, and yet there is no cure. As the disease runs almost any other. It springs with fowls just the same as with the human family. Probably no disease has been blamed for the effects of other disorders so much as cholera. I remember when I was a boy that everything going in the summer was called cholera. Even if the old hen's leg was broken my grandmother would say she had the cholera and would have to be killed to keep the disease from spreading. Death comes very quickly with genuine cholera, and a whole flock will die when only a few sick ones can be seen about the place. They are apparently well to-day and dead to-morrow. Autumn brings that which is worse than cholera—a cold, croup, snicker, etc. With a case of genuine croup there is no cure. As the disease advances the fowl becomes very poor, has a ravenous appetite, but takes on no fat. Roup may continue on to winter, and even through it. Winter is the season of frozen combs and feet if one has not comfortable quarters.—Ohio Poultry Journal.

#### STABLE CONVENIENCE.

How to Make Good Use of the Waste Space Under the Stableway.

The space under the stableway in a stable is usually worse than wasted, because it is apt to be made the dumping ground for a thousand and one odds and ends, resulting in a heap inextricably confused. The accompanying



A STABLE CONVENIENCE.

Illustration shows a way of utilizing this space that will add to stable conveniences. The space is boarded up and that portion having the greatest height is made into a harness closet, while the rest is made a grain bin, with one or more compartments. To reach the bottom of the bin when the grain is low, a part of the front is hinged, so as to turn down.—Orange Judd Farmer.

#### The Farmer's Happy Home.

A recent letter from the superintendent of farmers' institutes in the state of Pennsylvania states "that at every two days' institute held in the state during the coming winter the evening session of the first day is to be set apart to the ladies, and the topic is to be 'Country Homes.' All topics relating to home life in the country will be included, such as the construction of homes, the heating, lighting, ventilating and sanitary arrangements for country homes; the water supply, sewage and plumbing for houses in the country; the cooking of food, the care of the sick, the care of the children; flower gardening, kitchen gardening, house decoration, and all that relates in any way to comfort, convenience, health and enjoyment in a country home."

#### Success in Horse Breeding.

In the successful breeding of horses the breeder must be a lover of the horse as the first requisite, and second he must be a person of horse sense and judgment, and when he has these requisites he will be constantly studying the subject and getting what light he can from the live stock journals, and in his study of the animals under his care will soon learn what foods are best suited for each individual animal, and thus feed so that his colts will thrive and his horse will remain free from disease, while his neighbor, lacking these requisites, will be constantly having sickness and misfortune.—Rural World.

### SUFFERING SISTERS.

Curious Coincidence.

From the Express, Aurora, Ill.  
"Two young girls," said Mrs. Harry Rhodes, whose home is at No. 1 Blackhawk Street, Aurora, Kane County, Illinois. "My life was one of misery because of rheumatic affections which the most skilled physicians of this city were powerless to cure. My afflictions were of a sedate nature which affected not only my hips but both legs and feet to such a degree that I did not dare to step upon the ground for fear of bringing on the most excruciating pains."

"The several physicians to whom I applied were powerless to aid me, and I was in a very despondent condition and almost without hope. When one day I noticed a testimonial in one of our daily papers from a woman who had been cured of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Sanders & Sherr's drug store is just across the street from my husband's place of business, and I asked him to call there and purchase a box of pills, which he did."

"That first box of pills worked wonders for me. I might almost say that the first half dozen produced a very noticeable effect, for that night I obtained sleep without the aid of opiates, and with the second day the pains grew less and less until they departed almost never to return. I continued to take the pills, in the prescribed doses, for several weeks when I found myself entirely cured."

"My sister, Mrs. Bert Scott, whose home was at Duluth, Minnesota, was troubled with rheumatic difficulties similar to mine. Her trouble was the principal reason for the removal of the family to Chicago, where their home is now at 15 Union Court. They expected the atmosphere of Illinois to assist in a cure which the physicians could not bring about in the climate of Superior, but my sister became no better, with the very best of medical attendance, until I recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to her. As in my case they worked a speedy cure, and Mrs. Scott is now entirely free from rheumatic disorders, and she is as conscientious as I am in her praises of the remedy which has done so much to make the lives of two families far happier than they were two years ago."

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the aches and pains of grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, they are never sold in bulk for the 100's, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y."

Tenny—"I tell you it's so." Nellie—"I say it isn't." Teddy—"Well, mamma says it's so; and if mamma says it's so, it's so, even if it isn't so."—Harper's Round Table.

#### FOREIGN NOTES.

Ten thousand Turcomans have been carried off in two months by a malignant form of fever now raging in the Merv district.

A shepherd's body was recently canonized by electricity at Roche La Molliere, in France. During a thunderstorm the telegraph wires were blown down and curled around the man, who was standing under them.

Le Guilvinec, a little fishing port at the tip of Cape Finistère, in France, lost 52 men in one night during the recent gales. All the male population of the town was out in boats when the storm came down.

"Ca-canny" is a new word that has arisen in English trade disputes. It means working down to the level of wages, giving poor work, that is, for poor pay. The expression is old in Scotland, where it means slowly and cautiously.

A French passion play, called "Le Mystere de Jeanne d'Arc," has been gotten up by the parish priest of Meni en Xaintois, near Domremy. The actors and actresses are all peasants. The play is praised by those who have seen it.

Canon Manager, cure of Tilles, in Brittany, is the senior priest in active service in France. He is 94 years of age, has been a priest for 70 years and has been for 52 years in charge of his present parish. He attends to all his parochial duties and preaches often.

#### A POSTAGE STAMP.

Montenegro has issued a jubilee postage stamp in honor of the two hundredth anniversary of the Negroch dynasty.

There are 70,000 post offices in the United States, against 20,000 in Great Britain, 25,000 in Germany, 7,000 in France, 9,000 in Austria-Hungary and 6,000 in Italy.

The right values of the set of domestic stamps known as the 1855-60 issue were offered to a Boston dealer at \$1.50 for the complete set, unused. He refused the offer, and in 1878 bought 1,500 sets for \$1 a set. In 15 years the set was catalogued at \$13.65; the next year at \$18.55; the next at \$25.08; this year at \$42.95, and a block of four of the 90-cent value sold at \$55.

The growth of the post-office business of the country has been amazing. At the close of the revolutionary war there were only 75 post offices in the United States. At the close of the war of 1812 there were 3,000. At the beginning of the civil war there were 28,586, and five years after its close, in 1870, there were 28,492, or about 100 fewer, the only step backward during the history of the post office department. By 1880 the upward rise had started again and in full force, and the number of post offices in the country reached 42,000. There are now 70,000 post offices in the United States, and the number is constantly being increased.

#### WEDDING POINTERS.

High noon—that is, 12 o'clock—is the fashionable hour for a wedding. Even in a small town it is wisest to send wedding cards by post.

Even though you are acquainted only with the bridegroom your present should be sent to the bride.

The bride usually gives a piece of jewelry, oftentimes a small brooch, to her maid of honor and her bridesmaid.

It would be courteous, even if you have no acquaintance with her, to send a wedding present to the sister of your betrothed.

Even if you do expect your engagement to be a long one your parents should be informed of it and their consent asked.

Address the invitation to "Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson," even if your acquaintance, a business one, is only with the gentleman.

In acknowledging a wedding gift the note should be in the first person; it is polite to include some pleasant expression of appreciation from the bridegroom.

The engagement ring is worn on the third finger of the left hand; it is removed at the time of the wedding, and assumed afterward as a guard to the wedding ring.

### Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Only No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Mr. Hojack—"Miss Tenspot must be surprisingly beautiful." Mr. Tomdick—"Indeed! What makes you think so?" "She looks well even in an amateur photograph."—Life.

#### Home-Seekers Excursions.

On November 17 and December 1 and 15, 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern states both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent by addressing Geo. H. Hafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

"Ex little learnin' may be er danjus ting," said Uncle Eben, "but I don't believe dat it's nigh er danjus er no learnin' to be a Washington Star."

CIGARETTES stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

A GREAT diamond robbery—stealing a base.—Philadelphia Press.

#### THE MARKETS.

New York, November 2, 1896.

CATTLE—Native Steers..... \$ 3 75 @ 4 35  
COTTON—Middle..... 7 1/2 @ 8 1/2  
FLOUR—Winter Wheat..... 3 10 @ 3 15  
WHEAT—No. 1 Hard..... 86 @ 87 1/2  
WHEAT—No. 2 Hard..... 85 @ 86 1/2  
POUR—New Mess..... 8 50 @ 9 00

COTTON—Middle..... 7 1/2 @ 7 74  
HAY—Choice..... 2 00 @ 2 25  
CALVES..... 5 00 @ 5 75  
HORSES—Fair to Select..... 3 00 @ 3 15  
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 2 25 @ 3 00  
FLOUR—Patents..... 3 10 @ 3 15  
Fancy to Extra..... 3 00 @ 3 10

WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter..... 74 @ 75  
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 32 @ 33  
OATS—No. 2..... 16 1/2 @ 16 1/2  
RYE—No. 2..... 32 @ 34  
BARLEY—No. 2..... 3 00 @ 3 10  
HAY—Choice..... 2 00 @ 2 25  
BUTTER—Choice Dairy..... 11 @ 12  
EGGS—Fresh..... 10 @ 11  
POUR—Standard (New)..... 7 50 @ 7 55  
BACON—Clear Rib..... 6 @ 6 1/2  
LARD—Prime Steam..... 5 @ 5 1/2

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Native Steers..... 3 15 @ 3 15  
HOGS—Fair to Choice..... 3 00 @ 3 40  
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 2 10 @ 2 20  
FLOUR—Winter Patents..... 3 10 @ 3 15  
FLOUR—Standard (New)..... 7 50 @ 7 55  
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring..... 71 @ 72  
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 32 1/2 @ 33  
OATS—No. 2..... 16 @ 17 1/2  
CURRY—No. 2..... 50 @ 50 1/2

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers..... 3 01 @ 4 75  
HOGS—Fair to Choice..... 3 00 @ 3 25  
WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 72 @ 73  
OATS—No. 2..... 16 @ 17  
CURRY—No. 2..... 50 @ 50 1/2

NEW ORLEANS.

FLOUR—High Grade..... 3 00 @ 4 40  
CORN—No. 2..... 32 @ 33  
HAY—Choice..... 2 00 @ 2 25  
OATS—Western..... 14 @ 15  
POUR—New Mess..... 8 50 @ 9 00  
BACON—Sides..... 6 @ 6 1/2  
COTTON—Middle..... 7 1/2 @ 7 1/2

LOUISVILLE.

WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 80 @ 81 1/2  
CORN—No. 2 Mixed..... 32 @ 33  
OATS—No. 2..... 16 @ 17  
POUR—New Mess..... 8 50 @ 9 00  
BACON—Clear Rib..... 6 @ 6 1/2  
COTTON—Middle..... 7 1/2 @ 7 1/2

### SEND FOR ONE.

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